CHARLTON COMICS

NO. 85
MAY
CDC

12¢

Fightin' ARMY

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

featuring
THE LONELY WAR OF CAPT. WILLY SCHULTZ

SAM GLANZMAN

SGT. G.I. JOE STORY WITHOUT FRAME

the LONELY WAR of Capt. Willy Schultz

ON MAY, 1943, GERMAN GENERAL ARNIM AND ITALIAN FIELD-MARSHAL MESSE SURRENDERED WITH ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE ONCE MIGHTY AFRIKA KORPS. AFTER ALMOST THREE LONG YEARS OF SAVAGE AND BLOODY FIGHTING IN THE SEARING HEAT AND BURNING DESERT SANDS, THE WAR IN NORTH AFRICA WAS FINALLY OVER.

IN AUGUST OF THE SAME YEAR, AFTER 39 DAYS OF FIERCE FIGHTING, SICILY WAS CONQUERED BY THE ALLIES.

EARLIER IN JULY, MUSSOLINI HAD BEEN FORCED TO RESIGN, AND IN SEPTEMBER, THE NEW ITALIAN GOVERNMENT UNDER MARSHAL BADOGLIO SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY AS THE ALLIES ASSAULTED THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE ITALIAN BOOT...

YOU HAD BEEN IN THE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP FOR SOME MONTHS...BUT THIS DESPERATE LITTLE MAN WHO NOW STRUGGLED FRANTICALLY UNDER YOU HAD BEEN THERE MUCH LONGER...MUCH LONGER...

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nomscans

I WOULD'VE MADE IT!... I WAS ALMOST HOME... I WOULD'VE MADE IT AND YOU STOPPED ME... YOU STOPPED ME...! BLAST YOUR STINKIN' HIDE, SCHULTZ...! I WAS ALMOST HOME...

NO, MARK...THE JERRIES WOULD'VE STITCHED YOU UP GOOD WITH HOT LEAD WHILE YOU WERE STILL HUNG UP ON THE WIRE...DON'T CURSE CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MARK...THANK HIM...BECAUSE HE'S JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.

CAPTAIN WILLY SCHULTZ...UNITED STATES ARMY.. FALSELY ACCUSED OF MURDER...CONVICTED... ESCAPED...! AFTER SPENDING MONTHS OF WANDERING IN THE UNYIELDING HARSHNESS OF THE NORTH AFRICAN DESERT, YOU WERE TAKEN PRISONER BY THE AFRIKA KORPS AND FLOWN TO ITALY TO BE INTERNED IN A *P.O.W.* CAMP...AND FORGOTTEN...

IT'S BEEN HAPPENING QUITE FREQUENTLY LATELY.... THANK YOU, CAPTAIN...

SURE...

YOU WALKED AWAY AS A MAJOR FROM THE SAPPERS APPROACHED MACROBERTS...

IS THAT THE MAN, BOBBY...?

YES, SIR...CAPTAIN SCHULTZ.. HE'S THE ONE, ALL RIGHT.

GOOD...WE CAN TALK IT OVER AT MESS THIS AFTERNOON THEN. WE CAN'T LET THE JERRIES GET SUSPICIOUS...SEE YOU THEN, BOBBY...

YES, SIR.

SHORTLY...

OH, CAPTAIN SCHULTZ... JOIN US, WILL YOU... PLEASE...?

SURE...THANKS...

YOU STARTED TO EAT, BUT THEN YOU NOTICED A DISTURBING SILENCE AT THE TABLE AS MACROBERTS AND THE OTHER MEN SEATED OBSERVED YOU...STUDIED YOU...

SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, SIR...?

YES, THERE IS, CAPTAIN...

I WON'T "BEAT AROUND THE BUSH"...YOU HAVE THE TWO MAJOR QUALIFICATIONS FOR THIS "MISSION"...YOU SPEAK GERMAN FLUENTLY AND YOU FIT INTO OUR SECOND UNIFORM...

"MISSION"...? WHAT "MISSION," SIR?

INTERESTED, HAH? WELL, LET'S ALL CONTINUE EATING WHILE I EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, CAPTAIN...IT CONCERNS LT. MARK NEWBERRY...THE MAN WHOSE LIFE YOU SAVED THIS MORNING...

AS THE MAJOR SPOKE ON, YOU SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT THE MEN SEATED WITH YOU AT THE TABLE WERE ALL MEMBERS OF THE CAMP'S ESCAPE COMMITTEE...

SOON...

...THAT'S THE PLAN, CAPTAIN. VERY SIMPLE...VERY CLEAN... VERY BAD FOR BOTH YOU AND NEWBERRY IF YOU'RE CAUGHT... SO THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY, WILL YOU...? CONSIDER ALL THE POSSIBILITIES...THE RISKS...I DON'T EXPECT...NOR EVEN WANT AN ANSWER RIGHT AWAY...BUT I'LL HAVE TO HAVE ONE BY EARLY THIS EVENING. THAT'S ALL THE TIME I CAN GIVE YOU, UNFORTUNATELY...YOU DO UNDERSTAND...?

YES, SIR...

CAPTAIN MACROBERTS WILL ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE, CAPTAIN... SO **DO** THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY... 'TILL THIS EVENING, THEN...

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR.

"VERY SIMPLE...VERY CLEAN..."

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAPTAIN ?

I DON'T KNOW...

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY ALL THIS TROUBLE AND RISK FOR JUST ONE MAN...? WHAT MAKES NEWBERRY SO IMPORTANT...SO DIFFERENT...?

MESS

IF YOU HAD KNOWN MARK NEWBERRY IN THE BEGINNING...SUCH A LONG TIME AGO...YOU WOULDN'T BE ASKING "WHY"...

MARK HAD ALWAYS BEEN THE FUN-LOVING SORT...GOOD NATURED AND FULL OF LIFE. HE HAD A DEVILISH WIT AND A KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR...AND THE WAY HE EXPRESSED HIMSELF...WELL, YOU JUST HAD TO BE THERE, IS ALL...

GENTLEMEN...MAY I PROPOSE A TOAST... TO ME...MAY I ALWAYS REMAIN AS WONDERFUL AS I AM NOW...

...(BURP)...

OH BULL..

4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

EVEN AFTER WE WERE CAPTURED, MARK WAS ALWAYS CRACKING JOKES ABOUT THE GUARDS, THE LOUSY FOOD, THE MISERABLE LIVING CONDITIONS...(THE LACK OF WOMEN)...WHILE THE REST OF US JUST GRUMBLED AND GRUNTED AS WE GROANED AND COMPLAINED...

...AND THEN COULDN'T HELP BUT BURST INTO LAUGHTER AT HIS FOOLISHNESS...AND YOU KNOW...? ALL HIS NONSENSE MADE LIFE HERE AT TIMES SEEM A BIT MORE BEARABLE...

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED...ONE NIGHT, A GOOD FRIEND OF MARK'S MADE A FOOLISH ESCAPE ATTEMPT ON HIS OWN WITH NO ENDORSEMENT FROM THE "COMMITTEE" WHATSOEVER...

HALT!

THE JERRIES SPOTTED HIM...BUT HE WOULD NOT STOP...MARK'S DESPERATE FRIEND DIED ON THE WIRE...

AIE-IE-IE-IE!!

...WITH 7.92 MM BULLETS IN HIS BACK...

BACK TO YOUR BARRACKS...! HALT! BACK TO YOUR BARRACKS...!

WHAT'S GOING ON...? OH, NO...

BLASTED JERRIES...WHAT DID THEY HAVE TO DO THAT FOR...!? LOOK AT 'IM...!

THAT WAS ALMOST A YEAR AGO...AND MARK'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE. HE'LL SPEND HOURS JUST SITTING AND STARING AT THAT WIRE...SCHEMING AND DEVISING FUTILE PLANS OF ESCAPE...

MARK...?

MARK IS DESPERATE, SCHULTZ...HE'S BEEN CONFINED HERE SO LONG THAT HE'S GOING "WIRE-HAPPY"...THAT'S WHY HE HAS TO GET OUT, DON'T YOU SEE...? HE'LL TRY FOR THE WIRE AGAIN...AND SOMEDAY, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP HIM!

SO TO SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF, YOU WANT ME TO RISK MY NECK WHILE YOU JUST...

IT'S NOT JUST THAT, SCHULTZ...IT'S MUCH MORE...MUCH MORE...

TWO DAYS AGO, MARK NEWBERRY KILLED A GERMAN GUARD DURING SOME SQUABBLE INSIDE THE COMPOUND...NONE OF THE OTHER GUARDS SAW HIM DO IT, BUT THEY'LL FIND OUT SOONER OR LATER...

HE WHAT...!?

WE FOUND OUT FROM OUR GERMAN FRIEND, WILLI, THAT THE COMMANDANT THINKS THE MURDERED GUARD IS A DESERTER...BUT IS GOING TO START AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF THE CAMP THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW...

WHAT ABOUT THE BODY...?

IT'S IN "C" BARRACKS... WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DISPOSE OF THE CORPSE AS OF YET...AND IT'S STARTING TO GIVE OFF AN EXTREMELY FOUL ODOR...WE CAN'T BURY IT BECAUSE THE GERMANS WILL BE SURE TO FIND THE DIGGINGS...

AND IF THE BODY IS GIVING OFF SUCH A TERRIFIC STINK...

THE GERMANS WILL BE SURE TO FIND IT WHEN THEY SEARCH "C" BARRACKS...

EXACTLY...THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO GET MARK OUT RIGHT AWAY... HE'D CRACK UNDER ANY KIND OF INTERROGATION...IN HIS PRESENT CONDITION...

AND SO TONIGHT, YOU WANT ME AND NEWBERRY TO LEAVE THE BARRACKS IN YOUR "TAILORED" GERMAN UNIFORMS... AND UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, SLIP UNDER THE WIRE AT THIS PARTICULAR SPOT AND STRUT AWAY TOWARD THE ALLIED LINES...

YES! THIS IS A BLINDSPOT IN THE FENCE FOR THE TOWER GUARDS! AFTER THE SEARCHLIGHT AND SENTRY HAVE PASSED, NO JERRY WILL BE ABLE TO SEE YOU IN THE DARKNESS...!

ONCE YOU GET OUT AND PAST THE WIRE, IF YOU'RE STOPPED YOU'LL HAVE "GERMAN" ORDERS AND PAPERS FROM OUR "FORGERY" DEPARTMENT...AND *YOU'LL* CERTAINLY HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE LANGUAGE...!

...AND BESIDES, YOU'LL HAVE THE UNIFORM OF A JERRY FIRST-SERGEANT... I HEAR THAT IN THE GERMAN ARMY, THEY'RE FEARED ALMOST AS MUCH AS THEY'RE HATED...AND YOU'LL BE FREE AND WITH YOUR OWN PEOPLE AGAIN, SCHULTZ!

"...FREE AND WITH YOUR OWN PEOPLE..." THE GENERAL'S SON...A MURDER THAT WASN'T A MURDER...MAJ. WILKES...GEN. STENIK... THE COURT-MARTIAL...THE DEATH SENTENCE...

I DON'T LIKE IT. IF NEWBERRY IS IN SUCH BAD SHAPE, HE COULD CRACK ON ME IN A TIGHT SPOT... HE'S TOO BAD A RISK!

WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS THAT CHANCE...ALWAYS THE RISK...I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND YOU, CAPTAIN...YOU ACT ALMOST AS IF YOU LIKED IT HERE!

A FIRING SQUAD OR A HANGMAN'S NOOSE...? "...YOUR OWN PEOPLE..."

MAYBE I DO...IF I STAY IN HERE AND DO WHAT I'M TOLD, I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF SURVIVING THIS WAR THAN FIGHTING OUT IN THE FIELD...SITTING AND SWEATING INSIDE OF AN M-4 TANK...WAITING FOR A KRAUT *HE OR ARMOR-PIERCING SHELL TO PENE-TRATE THE HULL AND PASTE ME AND MY MEN TO THE STEEL WALLS LIKE...

YOU BLOODY...

* HIGH EXPLOSIVE

WHEN YOU FIRST CAME HERE, YOU WERE HIGH ON THE SUSPECT LIST AS BEING A JERRY INFORMER...THE WAY YOU ACTED AND TALKED WITH THE GUARDS...WHAT YOU KNEW ABOUT GERMAN MILITARY DUTIES AND ORGANIZA-TION...BUT IT WAS DECIDED THAT YOU WERE CLEAN...AND NOW, YOU'VE JUST PROVEN TO ME THAT YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A JERRY INFORMER...

...BECAUSE THAT TAKES GUTS, CAPTAIN... COURAGE!..SOMETHING THAT I DOUBT YOU HAVE...

"MARK IS DESPERATE...HE'LL TRY FOR THE WIRE AGAIN...AND SOMEDAY, WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO STOP HIM!..."

NO, MARK...WAIT...

"...GUTS, CAPTAIN...COURAGE!...SOMETHING THAT I DOUBT YOU HAVE..."

"...YOU HAVE THE TWO MAJOR QUALIFICATIONS FOR THIS "MISSION"..."

MAJOR...I'LL HAVE A GO AT IT WITH NEWBERRY TONIGHT...

GOOD SHOW...!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT, THEN, CAPTAIN...? ALL RIGHT, BOYS, OUT WITH THE LIGHTS AND UP WITH THE FLOOR...

GOD BE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN...

YEAH...

NOW REMEMBER, MARK...LET THE CAPTAIN DO ALL THE TALKING...YOU DO WHAT HE SAYS, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

NEXT:...*ESCAPE*...

THE VANISHING CONG

THIS IS AN AMBUSH, VIET CONG STYLE... THREE ST DIVISION GI'S PROBING A MEKONG RIVER VILLIAGE HAVE MADE CONTACT... AND RADIOED FOR REINFORCEMENTS WHICH ARE COMING IN NOW!

B-1173

THE CHARLIES ARE IN TROUBLE NOW...

THE REINFORCEMENTS ARE HERE...

WHERE ARE THEY?

ALL OVER THE PLACE, SIR!

BUT THEY'RE GONE... HIDDEN IN CREVICES BENEATH ROCKS... IN THE DECAYING ROOTS OF A FALLEN JUNGLE GIANT... OR IN AN ELABORATE TUNNEL WITH THE ENTRANCE SO WELL CONCEALED, THEY'RE RARELY FOUND!

LIGHTLY ARMED, ILL EQUIPPED, THIS MAN IS ONE OF THE TOUGHEST ENEMIES OUR ARMY HAS EVER FOUGHT. HE HAS TO BE DUG OUT AND THERE ARE AN AWFUL LOT OF HOLES IN VIET NAM.

END

WEAPONS, WARS, and WISDOM,

For a long time the people of this world have been fighting. And right now there are wars going on in different parts of the globe. Something you want to know about old or modern wars? We have asked General Knowett to help us. He will write a special column for this publication. It will consist of answers to questions you send him. There will be no personal replies. Make your letters brief and to the point. From them one will be chosen to be answered in every issue of this publication.

Dear General Knowett:

Is it possible to attach some kind of a flying belt or small engine to a soldier's back. So that he can fly over a hill or water. And if this is possible, then there is something else I want to know. What would it do to the kind of fighting we have at present? How would it change it?

Thank you,
George T.

Dear George T:

I have seen a jet-powered belt that already has been developed and tried out. Further tests are going to be made on it. This is what I can tell you about it at the present moment: This particular unit is powered by a miniature jet engine. The predictions are that it will help a soldier fly many minutes over a range of many miles. And that does mean he would be able to fly over a lake or a small hill. But not at present over a large mountain range. We have also tried rocket-powered devices to keep a man in the air. At the given moment, the jet one seems better than the rocket one. But the ultimate answer will have to be in the hands of the inventors.

Now let us take a closer look at the device being tried out at present. The entire device is worn on a harness which is made out of glass fibers. And let me reassure that such a harness is very strong. It rests mainly on the soldier's hip. The fuel tank is made out of plastic. Both the fuel tank and the engine itself are on the soldier's back. There are two jet exhaust nozzles which protrude outward and downward from about shoulder level.

The flight pattern is controlled by hand grips sticking out in front of the operator of this device. At the given moment, I am free to tell you that the pilot of this device can fly forward, backward, sideward, turn, rotate on his vertical axis, or even hover in the air. Now let us take a closer look at its potential in war as fought today.

Snipers from an enemy guerrilla force have come into town. Some are on rooftoops and others hidden in buildings. Our "flying man" can spot these snipers. He may himself carry a special machine gun, hand grenades, or special light bombs. He will also carry a small radio transmitter. So that he can give the needed information back to headquarters.

Just stick for the moment to the guerilla band. They are now escaping to the countryside. Our "flying men" can overtake them. Then land on the ground and help form a trap to capture them. Or they may shoot at them from the air. Again, this guerilla band has rockets and mortars. Our "flying men" can thus act as spotters from the air. And they can even help to direct artillery fire and check upon its accuracy and effectiveness.

Of course, we will have problems with this device and the fighting man who wears it. If he flies low, the enemy may shoot at him. Do we give him protective armor? And if his flying device is injured or destroyed, how do we help him? Do we give him a parachute? And what happens when he runs out of fuel and has to land?

If you have an imagination, you can visualize "birdmen" fighting each other in the air. Or a group of them making a landing on an airplane carrier and either capturing it or destroying it. They can destroy vital bridges and railroad terminals. Any new war weapon or device always opens up new possibilities in war. But at the same time, it also calls forth for new inventions to help combat it. I might also point out to you, that with this device, you need no longer walk through a suspected mine field. You just fly over it to your destination.

If you want to write a letter to General Knowette, address it:

General Knowette,
% Charlton Comics.,
Charlton Bldg.,
Derby, Conn. 06418

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of publisher) John Santangelo, Jr

RE-UNION in STE. CLAIRE

THIS WAS JULY, 1944 MY 3RD PLATOON, CHARLIE COMPANY. 435TH BTN, ARE DOING FINE CONSIDERING WE'RE ALL INEXPERIENCED AND SCARED I'M JUST BEGINNING TO GET OVER THE FEAR WHEN THE KRAUT M.G ACROSS THE STREET OPENS UP...AND I FEEL SOMETHING SLAM INTO ME AND I'M GOING DOWN!

THERE'S A HEAVY M. G. IN THAT WINDOW OVER TH...

UNGH!

GIT DOWN, SKIPPER! MELE'LL GET THAT GUN WITH A GRENADE!

B-1810

BILL MONTES

KUMPF

I WONDER IF I'M GOING TO DIE?

MEDIC! MEDIC! OUT THERE...THE SKIPPER'S HIT!

TELL.. TELL THE BOYS THEY'RE SHAPING UP JUST FINE! THEY'LL DO OKAY FROM NOW ON

YEAH, GENE...I'LL TELL 'EM. I'LL WRITE HOME AND TELL MY WIFE TO VISIT YOUR FOLKS AND TELL 'EM HOW YOU GOT HURT.

SO LONG GENE, SEE YOU WHEN YOU'RE UP AN' AROUND.

WHAT AN OUTFIT THIS GUY HAS THEY CALL HIM GENE AND SAY THEY'LL SEND THEIR WIVES TO VISIT HIS FOLKS.

NATIONAL GUARD OUTFIT PROBABLY THE WHOLE PLATOON'S FROM ONE SMALL TOWN

PLASMA

A FEW DAYS LATER, S/SGT. SANDUSKY FINDS THE BASE HOSPITAL.

AN' WE GOT A OFFICER FROM A REGULAR OUTFIT! HE'S GIVIN' US A REAL HARD TIME SKIPPER

I'LL [redacted] OUT SOON THEN THEY'LL SEND ME BACK TO YOU, SKI.

BUT I'M NOT SENT BACK I'M ON LIMITED DUTY UNTIL I'M REALLY STRONG AGAIN DOING CHORES

THIS IS A **RACKET**, LIEUTENANT.

THE 435TH INFANTRY IS IN THIS AREA, ISN'T IT, CORPORAL?

IT'S MY OUTFIT I'D SURE LIKE TO FIND MY OLD PLATOON

THEN I FOUND THE 435TH.. WHEN WE PASSED A LONG LINE OF TRUCKS LOADED WITH REAR-WARD-HEADED WOUNDED.. FROM MY BATTALION

WHAT HAPPENED?

KRAUTS BUSTED THROUGH.. A WHOLE PLATOON CHICKEN-ED OUT.. THE KRAUTS ALMOST WIPED OUT THE BATTALION.

WHAT PLATOON?

I DUNNO, SIR. SOME PLATOON IN CHARLIE COMPANY.

STOCKADE, SIR? FOR AMERICAN PRISONERS? YESSIR. THEY STRUNG BARBWIRE SO'S WE COULD SLAM A BUNCHA INFANTRY INSIDE. 3RD PLATOON, CHARLIE COMPANY DISOBEY-ED ORDERS TO OPEN FIRE ON THE ENEMY.

MP

THE THIRD PLATOON? YOU SURE? I USED TO COMMAND THAT UNIT.

YOU CAN LOOK FOR YOURSELF, LIEUTENANT. THEY'RE BEING HELD IN THE SQUARE YONDER.

MP

SKI... WHAT HAPPENED? IS WHAT THEY TELL ME TRUE?

WHY DIDN'T YA COME BACK LIKE YA SAID, SKIPPER? WE'RE DONE FOR NOW YA GOT HERE TOO LATE

MY DAD'LL BE SO ASHAMED OF ME, HE PROB'LY WON'T TALK TO ME EVER AGAIN.

TAKE IT FROM THE BEGINNING, SERGEANT. HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

WELL WE GOT THIS BRAND-NEW SECOND JOHN... WE WAS HIS FIRST COMMAND. HE WAS NERVOUS, COULDN'T TALK STRAIGHT, BUT AWFUL QUICK 'TO CHEW US OUT

IN THREE DAYS, THE GUYS HATED HIM AN' HE HATED US! WE DIDN'T TRUST HIM. THEN, BATTALION MOVED UP TO TAKE HILL 395, JUST NORTH O'HERE. CAPTAIN MOORE ASSIGNED OUR PLATOON TO MACHINE GUNS FLANKIN' THIS ROAD IN CASE JERRY TRIED A SNEAK ATTACK.

"THE JERRIES CAME," SKI CONTINUED "WITH TANKS AND ARTILLERY. I WAS SCARED BUT THE SECOND JOHN. HE WAS SO SCARED HE ALMOST FAINTED!"

SHOULD I PASS THE WORD, SIR? WE'LL USE BAZOOKAS ON THE TANKS AN'...

YOU IDIOT! WE'LL BE WIPED OUT IF WE OPENED FIRE! **LET THEM GO BY!**

"THEY WENT THROUGH," THE SERGEANT WENT ON "AND TOOK THE BATTALION BY SURPRISE. ALMOST WIPED THEM OUT!"

HOW'D THEY GET PAST OUR LINE?

THE 3RD PLATOON'S GUARDIN' THAT ROAD.. THEY MUST'VE CHICKENED OUT!

BOOM

THE KRAUTS WERE BEATEN BACK AFTER WE TOOK A LOT OF CASUALTIES, SIR. THEN, THIS COLONEL CAME TO US AND ASKED SOME QUESTIONS. HE ASKED THE SECOND JOHN...

OF COURSE I ORDERED THEM TO OPEN FIRE BUT THEY'RE COWARDS TO A MAN! THEY DISOBEYED EVERY ORDER I ISSUED THEM.

THAT'S NOT SO, COLONEL!

ONE MORE WORD SERGEANT, AND I WILL PERSONALLY SHOOT YOU FOR YOUR COWARDICE LIEUTENANT, YOUR ENTIRE PLATOON IS UNDER ARREST!

HE'S A LIAR, SIR I WAS RIGHT NEAR HIM. HE WAS TOO SCARED TO GIVE THE ORDER TO OPEN FIRE!

ONE THING'S SURE. THE LIEUTENANT WON'T CHANGE HIS STORY. AND THE COLONEL WILL HANG YOU GUYS.

ONE WAY TO DO IT... AND WE'LL DO SOME GOOD FOR THE WAR EFFORT TOO YOU GUYS VOLUNTEER FOR A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT?

I'LL DECK ANYBODY WHO DON'T VOLUNTEER, SIR.

I LED THE 3RD PLATOON UP THE SAME ROAD THE KRAUTS HAD USED. THEY DIDN'T EXPECT US... AND NO ONE SPOTTED US IN TIME!

POPEYE... A GRENADE!

GOT TO BE SILENT... WE'VE GOT TO EXPLOIT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!

OPEN UP ON 'EM, BOYS!

AMERIKANERS! SCHNELL! FEUER!

THIS IS LT. AUBERT COMMANDING THIRD PLATOON, CHARLIE COMPANY WE HAVE SURPRISED AND ATTACKED THE GERMANS ON HILL 795 IF ATTACK IN ENTIRE AREA IS BEGUN, WE MAY GET A BREAKTHROUGH.

BY MORNING, THE BATTALION HAS MOVED UP WITH A FEW CASUALTIES AND TAKEN THE HIGH GROUND

CONGRATULATIONS, LIEUTENANT. INFORM YOUR PLATOON THAT CHARGES AGAINST THEM ARE DROPPED AND A UNIT CITATION WILL BE AWARDED THEM.

THANKS, COLONEL.

HEY, GENE, TELL YOUR SISTER WHAT A BRAVE GUY I WAS. ALSO TELL HER I GOT THE COOKIES. I'M GONNA WRITE TOMORROW, I THINK

OKAY, FUTURE BROTHER-IN-LAW.

END

COMMUNIST LIES

TODAY, OVER HANOI, GREAT CLAWS ARE BEING MADE BY THE ENEMY! WE PUBLISH OUR LOSS FIGURES! THREE ON ONE DAY, ONE ANOTHER, A STEADY NIBBLING AWAY OF EXPENSIVE PLANES AND IRREPLACEABLE MEN...BUT THE COMMUNISTS, MASTERS OF DECEIT, CLAIM WE'RE LOSING MANY, MANY MORE!

VROOOSH!

U.S AIR FORCE

OUR FIGURES ARE CORRECT, AND IN THE KOREAN WAR, WHEN IT WAS OVER, ALL SOURCES CONFIRMED WHAT WE'D BEEN STATING ALL ALONG!

B-172

THE STATISTICS IN 1950—953 PROVES THE FANTASTIC FIGURE...FOR EVERY AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANE LOST...THE REDS LOST 14! THEY'D BEEN GEARED FOR WAR IN 1950 EAGER TO TEST THEIR TRAINED PILOTS AGAINST OUR YOUNG PILOTS AND RECALLED W.W.II RETREADS.

25

OUR RETREADS AND YOUNGSTERS WERE MORE THAN EQUAL TO THE JOB THEN! AND TODAY THEY'RE DOING IT EVEN BETTER!

57

FIGHTING OVER NORTH VIET NAM, DODGING GROUND FIRE, MISSLES, AND SHOOTING ENEMY MIGS OUT OF THE SKY AT THE SAME TIME.

NAVY

NAVY

END

OUTFOXING THE FOX

IN 1943, GENERAL IRWIN ROMMEL'S NORTH AFRIKA KORPS WERE WINNING ALL THE MARBLES...AND THE WORLD WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF HITLER'S WELL-TRAINED PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS COULD BE STOPPED. THEN, THE AMERICANS LANDED ON THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST...AND MEN LIKE CPL. MIKE TUMULTY FROM THE CHICAGO LOOP AND OZARK EDSHAW FROM ARKANSAS GOT INTO THE FRACAS! THESE DRAFTEES DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SOLDIER....BUT NOBODY EVER HAD TO TEACH THEM TO FIGHT!

BRATATATATAT

DAGNAB IT, MIKE, YOU'RE AHEADIN' *SOUTH!*

AIN'T THAT FELLA IN THE LEATHER JACKET THEIR STAR GENERAL?

IT'S ROMMEL HIMSELF, OZARK! *NOW, HANG ON...*

VR ROOOM

NICHOLAS A IASCIA

B-1979

AFTER THEM! DO NOT LET THEM ESCAPE!

YOU CRAZY IRISHMAN! WHY DIDN'T YUH KEEP GOIN *SOUTH*??

YA SAID IT WAS *THE WRONG WAY!* NOW SHADDUP AN' EMPTY THAT CLIP AT ROMMEL!

HERE WE GO!

CRAZY SCHWEIN!

VROOOM

THEY'RE GONNA KETCH US, IRISH!

YEAH... IF WE DON'T THINK O' SOMETHIN'!

VROOM

WE GAINED GROUND WHEN THEY WENT DOWN IN THAT HOLLOW! SLOW A LITTLE... THE ROAD MAY BE BAD!

JAH, HERR KAPITAN!

THE ROAD IS GUT, HERR KAPITAN!

JUMP, FRITZ! A GRENADE!

VRROOM

HIMMEL, FRITZ!

WHAM

THAT DID THE JOB!

WE STILL AIN'T OUTA THE PICKLE JAR! GOTTA GET OZARK IN A HURRY!

SCREEEE

CLIMB ON, OZARK... THEY'RE TURNIN' LOOSE THEIR HOUNDS!

TWO NAZI MESSERSCHMITTS SUDDENLY SCREAMED DOWN OUT OF THE SUN, THEIR M.G.S YAMMERING WILDLY! OZARK ED FIRED BACK .....

QUIT ZIGZAGGIN', IRISH! HOW'M I GONNA HIT HIM WITH YOU DRIVIN' LIKE A MANIAC?

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT *YOU* HITTIN' HIM, OZARK...I'M WORRIED ABOUT *HIM* HITTIN' *ME!*

BUDDA BUDDA.....

VRROOOM

I'M GITTIN' TO 'M NOW, IRISH!

BRATATAT

WHAM

2 tP

NICE SHOOTIN', OZARK!

BUDDA... BUDDA...

ANOTHER FIGHTER... THEY'RE REALLY AFTER US, OZARK!

THERE'S HILLS NEAR THE ROAD AHEAD, IRISH! *ZIGZAG* WHEN HE GETS CLOSE..I EMPTIED MY CLIP AT THE OTHER ONE ...*I GOTTA RE-LOAD.*

VROOOM

IRISH!

YEAH, YEAH, I SEE IT!

STRAIGHTEN OUT, YA DIM-WIT!

WHOOM

HALF THE AFRIKA KORPS IS AFTER US? WHY?

WE SAW TOO MUCH, OZARK!

VRROOOM

ROMMEL AIN'T SUPPOSED T' *BE* THERE, OZARK! WHEN THE LIEUTENANT SENT US OUT IN THE JEEP, HE SAID WE WOULDN'T SEE ANYONE ON THAT ROAD! WELL WE SEEN SOMEONE...*THE DESERT FOX!*

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW ROMMEL'S IN THE AREA, OZARK! WE GOT TO GET BACK AND TELL THEM!

VROOM

T-TAKE IT EE-EASY, THEN!

ORDERS FROM GENERAL ROMMEL! STOP THEM EVEN IF YOU'VE GOT TO CRASH YOUR AIRCRAFT INTO THEM!

JAH, HERR KAPITAN.

WE BOUGHT THE FARM, OZARK! *JUMP!*

I'M *AHEAD* O' YUH, IRISH!

BUDDA BUDDA

BLAM

THE ME 109 SCREAMED DOWN, GUNS YAMMERING. THE TWO AMERICANS HAD TO BE KILLED....

ZIP

VIP

ZINNG VIP

MY AMMO TRAYS ARE EMPTY, HERR KAPITAN! WHAT WILL I..?

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO, PILOT!

IRISH, HE'S GONNA...

YEAH, I KNOW! BE READY TO JUMP, OZARK, WHEN I HOLLER!

NOW!!

WHAM

WHAT'LL WE DO, IRISH? HOW WE GOIN' TUH GIT HOME?

HITCH-HIKE, MAYBE?

HERE COME THE KRAUTS, IRISH!

OZARK! WHEN YOU RELOAD, I'LL RUN AN' YOU COVER FOR ME!

BRATATAT

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

I'M TAKIN' OFF, IRISH!

COME ON, IRISH!

MADE IT!

AN HOUR PASSED AS THE AFRIKA KORPS MOVED INTO POSITION TO TAKE THESE TWO AMERICANS WHO MIGHT BETRAY THEIR PLANS.

GERMAN BOMBERS, OZARK. THREE OF THEM! WE'VE HAD IT!

YEAH...AND KRAUT TANKS COMING TOO!

BOMBER TRYING TO DROP ON TWO OF OUR GUYS DOWN THERE! SEND THAT SPOTTER PLANE OVER HERE! IT CAN LAND ON A DUNE!

DIG DEEP, OZARK! THOSE BOMBS ARE GONNA BE CLOSE!

OH, MAMA!

IS THAT PILOT *CRAZY*? WHAT'S HE LANDIN' *HERE* FOR?

FOR *US*, OZARK! BE READY...

WHAM

YOU KIDDIN'? I'LL BE IN THAT CRATE BEFORE YOU!

COME ON, OZARK!

YOU TWO GUYS ARE PRETTY IMPORTANT! ROMMEL'S LUFTWAFFE ARE OUT AFTER US...BUT OUR GUYS SENT OUT THE RESERVES TOO!

I'M GLAD SOMEBODY FINALLY CARES!

WAIT'LL THE BRASS HEARS WHAT ROMMEL'S GOT DOWN THERE AT THE OASIS!

I'VE GOT ORDERS TO LAND ON THE GENERAL'S LAWN, SOLDIER. THEY WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY.

LATER...AFTER THE TWO G.I.S TOLD ALL THEY'D SEEN.

GIVE THOSE TWO WHATEVER THEY WANT...THEY MAY HAVE SAVED US ALL!

END